

Dragon-Slayer

Lorre Mendelsohn, 1998

I grabbed that OCD Dragon's tail,
And twirled it o'er my head.
I stopped myself running from,
The doc's red biohazard can.

I rubbed my hand around the bin,
Then headed for the trash.
I touched the garbage bag (both hands),
And moved on in a flash.

I wiped my body, face and hair,
My necklace and my clothes.
I put the necklace in my mouth and felt scared
Down to my toes.

But stop, not me!
Ah, there's the rub,
For my affliction has a key.
I fear that I will poison you,
With what I touch and see.

So on I went throughout the room,
Touching chairs and arm rests, too.
The doctors hand I touched and shook,
Before I was quite through.

And then I walked into my home,
My lovers arms to greet me.
I hugged him back, I held my breath,
Then kissed him so completely.

Six hours have passed,
He's still alive!
I'm so amazed, It's true!
No confessions, apologies or warnings here.
Hey Dragon, I GOT you!!